

Orion-Z173

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Category: Halo

Genre: Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: S. Palmer

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-02-26 17:39:27

Updated: 2013-02-26 17:39:27

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:04:52

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,183

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The story of how Orion, a SPARTAN-III, arrives on the Infinity and the missions he undertakes as part of Cobalt Team

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Author's Note: I'm not too too happy with how this chapter came out...probably because it's only a first draft, but I felt like I hadn't written fan fiction in far too long and haven't had the time to edit things as much as I'd like while in school and preparing for college. I'll try to have the rest of the chapters in this story better edited and finalized. Hope you enjoy anyway :)

The UNSC Infinity was crowded as Spartan-Z173 crowded off a pelican with around ten other SPARTAN-IIIs. He could see three more pelicans unloading to his left. He looked around the hanger and saw hundreds of people milling around and just under half of them looked to be Spartans.

"New recruits, eh?" A female Spartan in white generation two armor marched over to the Spartans. "I'm Palmer, Spartan Commander and leader of all Spartans coming to this section of the Infinity. I know many of you are upset about being stripped of your ranks before coming here, but if you had the skill to get there before, you have the skill to get there again. Now fall in line behind me and I'll lead you to your bunks."

Orion followed as she led them to the back of the hanger to a lift. "Now this elevator has been specially designed to move groups of Spartans from one place to another. It's called a service lift and it holds crates. Get used to being treated just like a crate until you earn your place here."

One of the Spartans in the back of the group muttered something to another and they both chuckled. Palmer immediately turned around and

pushed through the group to get to them.

"You have something you wanna say, soldier?"

"I said, 'why the hell is a Spartan-IV bossing us around when us Spartan-IIIs have seen way more action than she ever has.'"

Palmer punched him square in the jaw. "If that's how you plan on talking to all of your commanding officers I suggest you get the hell off my ship."

The Spartan-III looked up, death in his eyes. He fell into combat stance, ignoring the fact that he was in a jumpsuit and that she was in full armor minus the helmet.

"You sure you're doing the right thing, Spartan?" Palmer asked, falling into stance herself.

"As sure as I've ever been, sir," he relied sarcastically.

They circled around each other and the rest of the Spartans made a wide circle around them. He was the first to charge. Palmer sidestepped and ducked, throwing her arm out to catch his legs. The Spartan-III dove forward over her arm and came up in a roll. He spun quickly around and charged at her once again, pulling back his right arm for a punch. Palmer grabbed his fist as he swung it and twisted his arm. He cried out in pain.

"If you wanna fight then meet me below deck in the War Games Simulator. Get back in line with the others." She walked calmly back toward the lift before turning around again. "Oh, and if you don't show me or any of your other commanding officers some respect from now on then you'll find yourself in the brig."

Orion threw his bag on one of many upper bunks in the large room assigned to many of the Spartan-IIIs who made it onto the Infinity when he heard a familiar voice behind him.

"Long time no see."

He turned around and came face to face with Sean, an old member of Spartan Team Zulu, the team Orion led before coming to the Infinity. Sean had left Zulu a year back, having been recruited to another team created by ONI.

"Sean!" Orion took his old comrade's hand and embraced him. They had been in quite a lot of tough spots together back in the day.

"I'm not surprised to see you here," Sean told him. "Once our team was split up and told we were to report here, I knew it was only a matter of time before it happened to Zulu."

"We were only told a few days ago," Orion told him. "I haven't seen Garret or Andrea. We were split up at ONI Gamma Site and they must've arrived on different pelicans."

"Don't worry," Sean said. "Just about all the Spartan-IIIs are scheduled to room here. I'm sure you'll seeâ€|Commander on deck!"

Orion turned around and saluted immediately as Palmer walked in. "At ease, soldiers!" she called. She walked toward Orion and Sean as they lowered their arms.

"You were on the same pelican as the Spartan who smart-mouthed me earlier." She said, looking Orion right in the eyes. "I hope you know to show more respect?"

"Yes, ma'am." Orion told her, staring right back into her brown eyes. "He wasn't part of my squad."

"Spartan Team Zulu, yes?" She asked. She turned on a data pad and typed a few things in. "Created by Section Threeâ€|established a year after the Halo Eventâ€|had seven members, lost five and gained anotherâ€|. Most of your missions are covered in black ink but I see you were made a General a few months before coming here. Not bad at all."

She looked up at him again. "I've assigned you to Fire Team Cobalt. You'll be working with Sean here, and a few others. We'll be sending you down to Requiem as soon as we arrive so I suggest you rest up after your trip, and then hit the War Games room. You're both dismissed."

She saluted them and they returned the gesture.

"Fire Team Cobalt, man!" Sean exclaimed as soon as Palmer had left the room. "Hope the rest of the Spartans on it aren't too shabby."

>"I'm sure we'll meet them soon." Orion yawned.<p>

"Showers are through there," Sean told him, making a fist and pointing his thumb in back of him. "You should get cleaned up and take a quick rest. I'll meet you down in War Games."

As he drew the sharp razor across his cheeks, Orion looked in the mirror and reflected on how different the Infinity was from the The End of Winter, the ship he'd commanded before this. He peeled back the protective layers that he'd stuck over his electronic eye to protect it from water damage and ran a hand over his recently shaved head. He sighed as he pulled on his jumpsuit. Things were going to be different. He wasn't in command anymore. Although he wasn't a private either; the higher ups decided he deserved to start out an SR-25 since not many Spartans had ever been promoted to General.

As Orion walked back to his bunk he saw that the room was much more crowded than it was when he'd first arrived. He made his way over to where he'd thrown his bag and climbed onto his hard mattress. He missed The End of Winter, but was looking forward to working with Sean again. With thoughts of Garrett, Andrea, and Apollo floating around in his head he fell into a soft sleep.

End
file.